"THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS," A Story of Reconstruction Days in the South.

BY THOMAS DIXON, JR

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

In the trenches before Richmond Colonel Gaston is killed in a charge of the Northern soldiers. His body-servant, Nelse, returns to the old home with letters for the Colonel's wife and little son, Charlie. He persuades the preacher, the Reverend John Dunham, to break the news to Mrs. Gaston, who, after sitting alone for hours, has an attack of brain fever and is out of her head. Little Charlie rides for the doctor and the preacher, and falls asleep that night "no longer a child. The shadow of a great sorrow has enveloped his soul and clothed him with the dignity and fellowship of the mystery of pain."

CHAPTER II.

A LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

In the rear of Mrs. Gaston's place there stood in the midst of an orchard a log house of two rooms, with hallway between them. There was a mud-thatched wooden chimney at each end, and from the back of the hallway a kitchen extension of the same material with another mud chimney. The house stood in the middle of a ten-acre lot, and a woman was busy in the garden with a little girl, planting seed.

"Hurry up, Annie, less finish this in time to fix up a fine dinner er greens and turnips an' 'taters an' a chicken. Yer pappy'll get home to-day sure. Colonel Gaston's Nelse come last night. Yer pappy was in the Colonel's regiment, an' Nelse said he passed him on the road comin' with two one-legged soldiers. He ain't got but one leg, he says. But, Lord, if there's a piece of him left we'll praise God an' be thankful for what we've got."

"Maw, how did he look? I mos' forgot—'s been so long sence I seed him?" asked the child.

"Look! Honey! He was the handsomest man in Campbell County! He had a tall, fine figure, brown curly beard, and the sweetest mouth that was always smilin' at me, an' his eye twinklin' over somethin' funny he'd seed or thought about. When he was young ev'ry gal around here was crazy about him. I got him all right, an' he got me, too. Oh, me! I can't help but cry, to think he's been gone so long! But he's coming to-day! I jes' feel it in my bones."

"Look a yonder, maw, what a skeer-crow ridin' er ole hoss!" cried the girl, looking suddenly toward the road.

"Glory to God! It's Tom!" she shouted, snatching her old faded sun-bonnet off her head and fairly flying across the field to the gate, her cheeks aflame, her blond hair tumbling over her shoulders, her eyes wet with tears.

Tom was entering the gate of his modest home in as fine style as possible, seated proudly on a stack of bones that had once been a horse, an old piece of wool on his head that once had been a hat, and a wooden peg fitted into a stump where once was a leg. His face was pale and stained with the red dust of the hill roads, and his beard, now iron gray, and his ragged, buttonless uniform were covered with dirt. He was truly a sight to scare crows, if not of interest to buzzards. But to the woman whose swift feet were hurrying to his side, and whose lips were muttering half-articulate cries of love, he was the knightliest figure that ever rode in the lists before the assembled beauty of the world.

"Oh! Tom, Tom, Tom, my ole man! You've come at last!" she sobbed, as she threw her arms around his neck, drew him from the horse and fairly smothered him with kisses.

"Look out, ole woman, you'll break my new leg!" cried Tom, when he could got breath.

"I don't care—I'll get you another one," she laughed through her tears.

"Look out there again; you're smashing my game shoulder. Got er minnie ball in that one!"

"Well, your mouth's all right, I see," cried the delighted woman, as she kissed and kissed him.

"Say, Annie, don't be so greedy; give me a chance at my young one." Tom's eyes were devouring the excited girl who had drawn nearer."

"Come and kiss your pappy and tell him how glad you are to see him!" said Tom, gathering her in his arms and attempting to carry her to the house.

He stumbled and fell. In a moment the strong arms of his wife were about him and she was helping him into the house.

Suddenly Tom pushed her aside and sprang up in bed.

"Geeminy, Annie, I forgot my pardners—there's two more peg-legs out at the gate by this time waiting for us to get through huggin' and carryin' on before they come in. Run, fetch 'em in quick!"

Tom struggled to his feet and met them at the door.

"Come right into my palace, boys. I've seen some fine places in my time, but this is the handsomest one I ever set eyes on. Now, Annie, put the big pot in the little one and don't stand back for expenses. Let's have a dinner these fellers'll never forget."

It was a feast they never forgot. Tom's wife had raised a brood of early chickens, and managed to keep them from being stolen. She killed four of them and cooked them as only a Southern woman knows how. She had sweet potatoes carefully saved in the mound against the kitchen chimney. There were turnips and greens and radishes, young onions and lettuce and hot corn dodgers fit for a king; and in the center of the table she deftly fixed a pot of wild flowers little Annie had gathered. She did not tell them that it was the last peck of potatoes and the last pound of meal. This belonged to the morrow. To-day they would live.

They laughed and joked over this splendid banquet, and told stories of days and nights of hunger and exhaustion, when they had filled their empty stomachs with dreams of home.

"Miss Camp, you've got the best husband in seven States; did you know that?" asked one of the soldiers, a mere boy.

"Of course she'll agree to that, sonny," laughed Tom.

"Well, it's so. If it hadn't been for him, ma'am, we'd a been peggin' along somewhere way up in Virginny, 'stead o' bein' so close to home. You see, he let us ride his hoss a mile an' then he'd ride a mile. We took it turn about, an' here we are."

"Tom, how in the world did you get that horse?" asked his wife.

"Honey, I got him on my good looks," said he with a wink. "You see, I was a settin' out there in the sun the day o' the surrender. I was sorter crying and wondering how I'd get home with that stump of wood instead of a foot, when along come a chunky heavy-set Yankee General, looking as glum as though his folks had surrendered instead of Marse Robert. He saw me, stopped, looked at me a minute right hard and says: 'Where do you live?'

"'Way down in ole No'th Calliny,' I says, 'at Hambright, not far from King's Mountain.'

"'How are you going to get home?' says he.

"'God knows, I don't, General. I got a wife and baby down there I ain't seed fer nigh four years, and I want to see 'em so bad I can taste 'em. I was lookin' the other way when I said that, fer I was purty well played out, and feelin' weak and watery about the eyes, an' I didn't want no Yankee General to see water in my eyes.

"He called a feller to him and sorter snapped out to him: 'Go bring the best horse you can spare for this man and give it to him.'

"Then he turns to me and seed I was all choked up and couldn't say nothin' and says:

"'I'm General Grant. Give my love to your folks when you get home. I've known what it was to be a poor white man down South myself once for awhile.'

"'God bless you, General. I thanks you from the bottom of my heart,' I says as quick as I could find my tongue, 'if it had to be surrender I'm glad it was to such a man as you.'

"He never said another word, but just walked slow along, smoking a big cigar. So, ole woman, you know the reason I named that hoss 'General Grant.' It may be I have seen finer hosses than that one, but I couldn't recollect anything about 'em on the road home."

Dinner over, Tom's comrades rose and looked wistfully down the dusty road leading southward.

"Well, Tom, ole man, we gotter be er movin'," said the older of the two soldiers. "We're powerful obleeged to you fur helpin' us along this fur."

"All right, boys; you'll find your train standin' on the side o' the track, eatin' grass. Jes climb up, pull the lever an' let her go."

The men's faces brightened, their lips twitched. They looked at Tom, and then at the old horse. They looked down the long, dusty road stretching over hill and valley, hundreds of miles south, and then at Tom's wife and child, whispered to one another a moment, and the elder said:

"No, pardner, you've been awful good to us, but we'll get along somehow—we can't take yer hoss. It's all yer got now ter make a livin' on yer place."

"All I got!" shouted Tom. "Man alive, ain't you seed my ole woman, as fat and jolly and han'some as when I married her 'leven years ago? Didn't you hear her cryin' and shoutin' like she's crazy when I got home? Didn't you see my little gal with eyes jes like her daddy's? Don't you see my cabin standin' as purty as a ripe peach in the middle of the orchard when hundreds of fine houses are lyin' in ashes? Ain't I got ten acres of land? Ain't I got God Almighty above me an' all around me, the same God that watched over me on the battlefields? All I got? That old stack o' bones that looks like er hoss? Well, I reckon not!"

"Pardner, it ain't right," grumbled the soldier, with more of cheerful thanks than protest in his voice.

"Oh, get off, you fools," said Tom, good-naturedly. "Ain't it my hoss? Can't I do what I please with him?"

So, with hearty handshakes they parted, the two astride the old horse's back. One had lost his right leg, the other his left, and this gave them a good leg on each side to hold the cargo straight.

"Take keer, yerself, Tom!" they both cried in the same breath as they moved away.

"Take keer yerselves, boys; I'm all right," answered Tom, as he stumped his way back to the home.

Before reaching the house he sat down on a wooden bench beneath a tree to rest. It was the first week in May, and the leaves were not yet grown. The sun was pouring his hot rays down into the moist earth, and the heat began to feel like summer. As he drank in the beauty and glory of the spring his soul was melted with joy. The fruit trees were laden with the promise of the treasures of the summer and autumn; a catbird was singing softly to his mate in the tree over his head, and a mockingbird seated in the topmost branch of an elm near his cabin home was leading the oratorio of feathered songsters. The wild plum and blackberry briars were in full bloom in the fence corners, and the sweet odor filled the air. He heard his wife singing in the house.

"It's a fine old world, after all!" he exclaimed, leaning back and half closing his eyes, while a sense of ineffable peace filled his soul. "Peace at last! Thank God! May I never see a gun or a sword, or hear a drum or a fife's scream on this earth again!"

A hound came close wagging his tail and whining for a word of love and recognition.

"Well, Bob, old boy, you're the only one left. You'll have to chase cotton-tails by yourself now."

Bob's eyes watered and he licked his matser's hand apparently understanding every word he said.

Breaking from his master's hands the dog ran toward the gate barking, and Tom rose in haste as he recognized the sturdy tread of the preacher, the Reverend John Durham, walking rapidly toward the house.

Grasping him heartily by the hand the preacher said:

"Tom, you don't know how it warms my soul to look into your face again. When you left, I felt like a man who had lost one hand. I've found it to-day. You're the same stalwart Christian full of joy and love.

"Preacher, it's good to have the Lord's messenger speak words like them. I can't tell you how glad I am to be home again and shake your hand. I tell you it was a comfort to me when I lay awake at night on them battlefields, a wonderin' what had become of my ole woman and the baby, to recollect that you were here, and how often I'd heard you tell us how the Lord tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. Annie's been telling me who watched out for her them dark days, when there was nothin' to eat. I reckon you and your wife knows the way to this house about as well as you do to the church."

Tom had pulled the preacher down on the seat beside him while he said this.

"The dark days have only begun, Tom. I've come to see you to have you cheer me up. Somehow you always seemed to me to be closer to God than any man in the church. You will need all your faith now. It seems to me that every second woman I know is a widow. Hundreds of families have no seed even to plant, no horses to work crops, no men who will work if they had horses. What are we to do? I see hungry children in every house."

"Preacher, the Lord is looking down here to-day and sees all this as plain as you and me. As long as he is in the sky everything will come all right on the earth."

"How's your pantry?" asked the preacher.

"Don't know. 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' you know. When I hear these birds in the trees an' see this old dog waggin' his tail at me, and smell the breath of them flowers, and it all comes over me that I'm done killin' men, and I'm at home, with a bed to sleep on, a roof over my head, a woman to pet me and tell me I'm great and handsome, I don't feel like I'll ever need anything more to eat! I believe I could live a whole month here without eatin' a bite."

"Good. You come to the prayer meeting to-night and say a few things like that, and the folks will believe they have been eating three square meals every day."

"I'll be there. I ain't asked Annie what she's got, but I know she's got greens and turnips, onions and collards, and strawberries in the garden. Irish 'taters'll be big enough to eat in three weeks, and sweets comin' right on. We've got a few chickens. The blackberries and plums and peaches and apples are all on the road. Ah! Preacher, it's my soul that's been starved away from my wife and child!"

"You don't know how much I need help sometimes, Tom. I am always giving—giving myself in sympathy and help others. I'm famished now and then. I feel faint and worn out. You seem to fill me again with life."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Preacher. I get down-hearted sometimes, when I recollect I'm nothin' but a poor white man. I'll remember your words. I'm going to do my part in the church work. You know where to find me!"

"Well, that's partly what brought me here this morning. I want you to help me to look after Mrs. Gaston and her little boy. She is prostrated over the death of the Colonel and is hanging between life and death. She is in a delirious condition all the time and must be watched day and night. I want you to watch the first half of the night with Nelse, and Eve and Mary will watch the last half."

"Of course, I'll do anything I can for my Colonel's widder. He was the bravest man that ever led a regiment, and he was a father to us boys. I'll be there. But I won't set up with that nigger. He can go to bed."

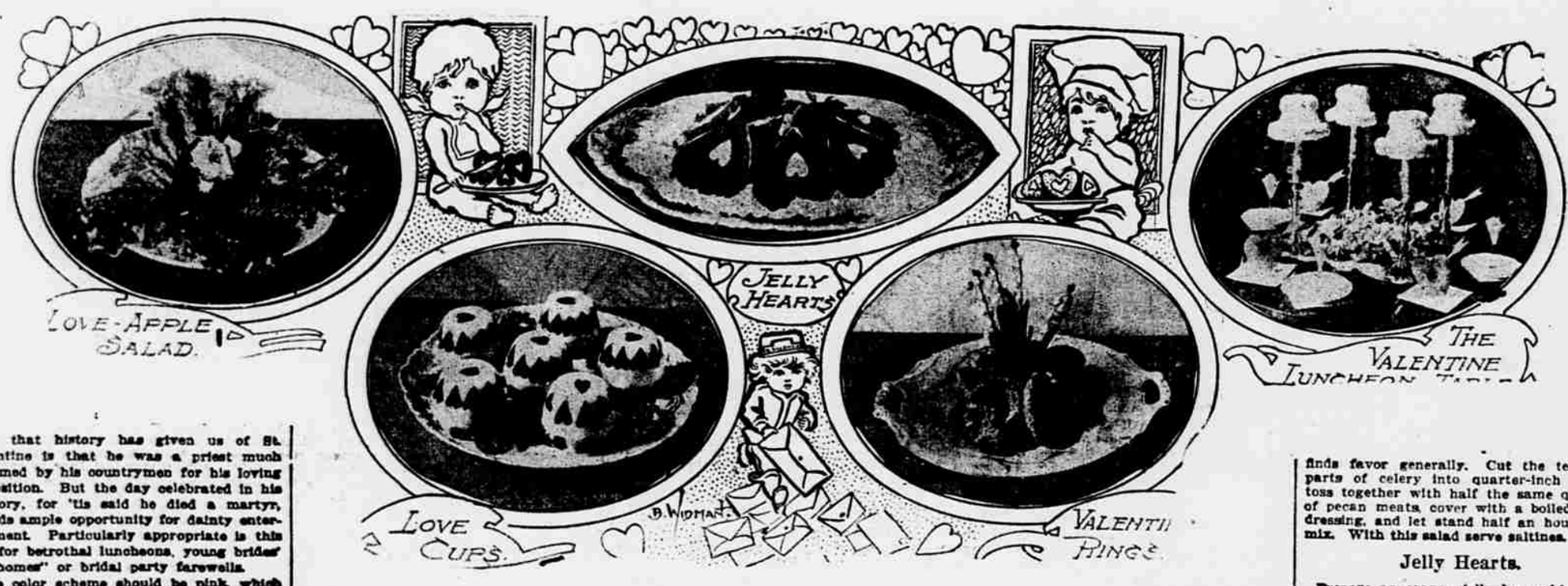
"Tom, it's a funny thing to me that as good a Christian as you are should hate a nigger so. He's a human being. It's not right."

"He may be human, Preacher; I don't know. To tell you the truth, I have my doubts. Anyhow, I can't help it. God knows I hate the sight of 'em like I do a rattlesnake."

"I'll fix it with Nelse, then. You take the first part of the night, till 12 o'clock. I'll go down with you from the church to-night," said the preacher, as he shook Tom's hand and took his leave.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

DAINTIES FOR A ST. VALENTINE LUNCHEON.



All that history has given us of St. Valentine is that he was a priest much esteemed by his countrymen for his loving disposition. But the day celebrated in his memory, for 'tis said he died a martyr, affords ample opportunity for dainty entertainment. Particularly appropriate is this day for betrothal luncheons, young brides' "at homes" or bridal party farewells.

The color scheme should be pink, which is love's own color.

Place in the center of the table uncovered by cloth a circular mirror on a handsome square lace doiley. On the mirror arrange a heart-shape design of moss and in this place pink and cream-colored roses, thrusting through it a silver arrow made of wood, gilded. The candles are to be pink in silver holders and shaded by pink shades, these to be placed at corners of the centerpiece.

At each cover is a guest card representing a pink heart pierced by an arrow, these resting on dainty doylies matching those used under the plates.

The bon-bons should consist of candied rose-petals and heart-shaped pink candies.

The illustration represents the course where ices are served. They can either be pink, cream, molded into heart shapes or roses, or for less expense color the cream or ices pink, heap into tall, slender glasses, place a small gilt arrow, which come purposely and cost 13 cents a dozen, into each glassful. Serve these on lace doylies or fancy plates.

Valentine Rings.

Rub the weight of six eggs of sugar with the same weight in butter; when cream, add the beaten yolks of six eggs, one-half teaspoon rose, one-half teaspoon vanilla extract, then the flour, and the stiffly beaten whites or eggs last; form into rings, placing tiny candy hearts or pieces out from candied fruit on top, and bake in a moderately hot oven; arrange about a low vase of spring blossoms on a cake plate.

Love Apple Salad.

Remove the seeds from ripe tomatoes; then fill the pulp chambers with a celery salad; place one tomato on to lettuce, arranged on a pretty plate; serve each guest with one.

There are varieties of ways to prepare salad, but that mixed with pecan kernals finds favor generally. Cut the tenderest parts of celery into quarter-inch pieces; toss together with half the same quantity of pecan meats, cover with a boiled-cream dressing, and let stand half an hour; then mix. With this salad serve saltines.

Jelly Hearts.

Prepare an orange jelly by soaking one-half box gelatine in one-half cup cold water until perfectly softened; then add one cup boiling water, juice of one lemon, one cup sugar, one pint blood-orange juice; stir until gelatine and sugar are disolved; pour into a shallow heart pan, lined with a bit of candied pineapple, cut heart shape; set where they will become firm; dip into hot water an instant, then unmold on a bank of foliage and heap whipped cream about.

SLIPPERS AND SATIN HOSE OF HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Collection of Early American Costumes in Boston Is Unique of Its Kind—Artists Who Visit the Museum to Study Old-Time Oddities of Dress.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Boston, Jan. 23.—The collection of early American costumes at the Museum of Fine Arts in this city is practicaly the only one of the kind in existence. Its interest to Colonial Dame and Revolutionary Daughter, and its value to illustrators and students of bygone manners—not to speak of historical novelists—are all the greater from the fact that there is no adequately prepared book covering this special field. Thus a number of well known artists—Mr. Howard Pyle for one—have come to the museum for the preliminary studies of not a few of their drawings, with the result that some of the old garments in the collection are familiar to thousands of magazine and book reading Americans who have never heard of the collection itself.

Men's Richly Embroidered Coats and Women's Flowered Gowns.

The collection is still to be considered, however, as merely the nucleus of what time and attention may eventually make it. It ranges now only from the first half of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, the great majority of articles dating from 1750 to about 1830. Altogether there are some 250 or 300 pieces, from undergarments and baby clothes to men's richly embroidered coats and women's flowered brocade gowns. One part of the collection is devoted to complete suits; a second to separate pieces like waistcoats or pantaloons; and the third to miscellaneous articles, with the idea of eventually acquiring a complete collection of ruffled shirts, hats and caps, dainty slippers and high-heeled shoes, quaint old tortoise-shell combs, and the other details of early American costume.

Part of the collection is preserved in the cupboards of the Department of Textiles—to which the whole nominally belongs—but the most interesting portion is on public exhibition.

Pale Blue Brocade Belonged to Miss Lydia Hutchinson.

Many of the articles shown have historical associations. There is a beautiful gown of pale blue brocade, for example, which belonged to Miss Lydia Hutchinson of the well known Hutchinson family of Massachusetts. Her father had been a judge and treasurer of Harvard College—a position which has always counted for much in Eastern Massachusetts—and her cousin-german, as she would have called him, was the famous Thomas Hutchinson who preceded General Gage as the last of the Provincial Governors.

A waistcoat of delicate white lace, which was taken out of a prize ship captured in the very beginning of the American Navy, is thought to have been intended for Sir Harry Frankland, whose romantic love for Agnes Surriage is the subject of a familiar poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, as well as an agreeable novel by the late Edwin Lassiter Bynner. Two gowns are shown that are supposed to have been worn by the wife of James Lovell, a member of the Continental Congress, and later a Collector of the Port of Boston; and another dress, of green brocade, once graced a Salem wedding in the days when Salem was the center of the East India trade, and the atmosphere that Hawthorne was later to recall in fiction was still a breathing reality.

Suit Worn by James Bowdoin, Minister to Spain.

The most striking costume in this part of the collection, however, is the suit worn by James Bowdoin when Minister to Spain early in the last century. Bowdoin is probably the best remembered, as the founder of Bowdoin College, but he was a good man and a capable in many lines; an early Revolutionary patriot, and with John Hancock and Samuel Adams one of the three first Governors of Massachusetts. In addition he was an amateur of the arts—which most Revolutionary patriots were not—and the collection of drawings by the Old Masters which he picked up abroad and left by will to Bowdoin College is one of the best—and perhaps still the best known—in this country. Doubtless he would have been none the less surprised could he have known that his costume in Spain would itself be treasured in an art museum. But it is well worth exhibition for its richness and dignity. The coat and knee breeches are plum-colored broadcloth, the the former exquisitely ornamented with a design of silver thread, the same decoration on a smaller scale being applied to the cream-colored satin waistcoat that was worn with it. Several other waistcoats worn by Bowdoin, all of them dating from the same period in Spain, may also be seen in the special rooms of the textile department downstairs.

Whether by design or coincidence, the next costume to Bowdoin's is one that might, in general effect, have well been worn by his wife or sister, though it really belongs to a somewhat earlier period. It consists of a bodice with a pointed back, at which are gathered the voluminous folds of a wide skirt, the whole being of cream colored brocade, prettily flowered in pink and blue. The skirt divides in front, revealing a quilted petticoat of a delicate but vivid pink. The bodice itself is cut low and square in front, with elbow sleeves and a high back. In color, as has been said, the costume harmonizes perfectly with the plum-colored figure of the Honorable James Bowdoin, and presents a striking contrast to yet another figure clothed with the garments once worn by one Matthew Ridley. Matthew Ridley was evidently of larger stature than the dummy on which fate has since hung his modest snuff-colored raiment and the result makes his rather an awkward figure among the stately personages surrounding him.

Among the other articles to be seen, in the public galleries or by application to the director, are the complete outfit worn by a lady in a journey from Boston to New York about the year 1815; a number of baby caps of homespun linen, antedating the Revolution; ladies' prunella shoes, the tiny heels of which would scarcely have covered a silver sixpence or a modern dime, and a variety of fine linen undergarments, ladies' hoods, silk stockings, quilted petticoats, weather shoes of rough carpeting intended to protect the feet of the owner when driving in cold weather; in short, examples of most things that one thinks of as necessary to the wardrobe of a lady or a gentleman 100 years and more ago. The old-fashioned ornaments are represented, too, by an interesting collection of buckles, cravat pins, bonnet pins, buttons, earrings, and a single silver thimble marked neatly with the initials of its oldtime owner.

The great difficulty is in assigning correct dates to the various specimens. The gowns and waistcoats, hats and coats—all the larger and more conspicuous objects, that is—present fewer difficulties, since old prints and books, if one has the patience to search long enough, give full information of the changes of fashions; the trouble lies rather with the minor pieces, and even where the original owner is known it hardly helps matters much when one learns that he or she was born a little after the middle of one century, say, and died a little before the middle of the next. The museum is making good progress in cataloguing the collection, however, while fresh accessions—often treasured heirlooms sent in by one or another old American family for greater safety and better care—are gradually filling up important gaps and helping to make the collection as systematically valuable as it is even now interesting and picturesque. Thus a gift of two waistcoats worn by father and son respectively at Harvard commencements in 1768 and 1794 has recently been made by one of their descendants.

GOV. BOWDOIN'S BEST CLOTHES.
An Early American Plenipotentiary's Dress of Plum Colored Broadcloth and Cream White Satin.

The Pumpkin.

Oh, greenly and fair in the land of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While we waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red-fire rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the bread spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

Oh fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling;
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle spread
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

To My Mother.

Deal gently with her, Time; these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summertime,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light).
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.

—John Allan Wyeth in the Century Magazine.

Unseen.

"And where is God?" the Doubter asked.
"I do not see him anywhere.
Behind what creature is he masked,
In sea, on earth, in clouds, in air?"

"And where is death?" the Mourner sighed,
"And yet I know that he is near;
There lies my dearest friend that died—
Nor voice, nor footstep did I hear."

"Where are the violets?" asked the child.
"I do not see them, yet I know,
Although the winds are blowing wild,
They are alive beneath the snow."

—Maurice Francis Egan, in Donahue's Magazine.

The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea—
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay—
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph: "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralp, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Cans't hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
Oh, Christ! It is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The devil below was ringing his knell.

—Robert Southey.

Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Come, cheerily, men, pile on the rails,
And stir the camp-fires bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll have a roaring night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue-Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
Of Stonewall Jackson's way!

We see him not—his old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew,
His shrewd, dry smile, his speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true;
The blue-light Elder knows 'em well,
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell!
Lord save his soul—we'll give him hell!"
That's Stonewall Jackson's way!

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Hats off!
Old Stonewall's going to pray!
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! 'Tis his way!
Kneeling upon his native sod
In forma pauperis to God—
"Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod!
Amen!" That's Stonewall's way!

He's in the saddle now—Fall in!
Steady, the whole brigade!
Hill's at the Ford, cut off! We'll win
His way out, ball or blade!
No matter if our shoes be worn,
No matter if our feet be torn;
Quick-step! We'll with him before morn,
In Stonewall Jackson's Way!

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed by an ugly gorge;
"Pope and his Yankees whipped before!
Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's way!"

Ah, woman, wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah, widow, read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah, maiden, weep on, hope on, pray on!
Thy lot is not so all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way!

—J. W. Palmer.

Stream of Life.

Life bears us on like the current of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasph engerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our depression are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us.

We may be shipwrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land seems from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

Power of Habit.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman: "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is Niagara River." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "It is possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it, and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to the enjoyment.

Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank: "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer for the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger.

"Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you!" "Ha! ha! We will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for future!" No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!" Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from the nostrils and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brows! set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! Ah! ah!

It is too late! Shirking, cursing, howling, blapheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year through the power of habits, crying all the while: "When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up!"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

The Maid and the Luncheon.

Once upon a time there was a young man who cared very little for the society of women and found no pleasure in their company, until he met a young lady who was clothed in silk, satin, velvet, lace and jewels and made an exceedingly fine appearance. She received his attentions very graciously, and, after a short acquaintance, accepted an invitation to the theater. When the play was over they went to a restaurant for a luncheon.

"Isn't this salad fine?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "the lovely mayonnaise makes it just delicious."

Moral—A great deal depends on the dressing.

Dog's Teeth.

De Style: "He pulled fifteen teeth from me."

Gunbusta: "He's no dentist."

De Style: "I know it, but he pried open the dog's mouth and yanked him off."